MARCH'S FAMOUS FUNNY FARCES

MARCH BROTHERS, Publishers, LEBANON, OHIO

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An Up-To-Date Proposal

By Jeannette Joyce

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CHARACTERS

Gladys Jones—*An* Up-to-Date *girl.*
Jimmie Scott—*A very modern young man.*
Father Jones—
Mother Jones— } *Not important enough to consider.*

Scene: *A modern living room. Piano or phonograph may be used. Cost*
may be exaggerated styles of today.

Curtain rises displaying Gladys pounding out ragtime or running it off on phonograph.

Jimmie (*entering and tossing cap across the room*): Hello, kiddo! I'll say that's some jazz you're pounding out. (*She turns and tosses head or makes face at him.*) But say, stop it. I got something to say to you tonight.

Gladys (*coming over and standing by the divan on which he is seated*): Aw, quit kiddin' me.

Jimmie: No, honest, Gladys, I'm not jokin'. Sit down here, won't you?

Gladys (*dropping herself beside him*): Sure. Now shoot, I'm ready.

Jimmie (*throwing arm across back of divan*): You know I think a lot of you, kid, don't you?

Gladys: Oh, I don't know.

Jimmie: Why, just think girl, how long I been hangin' around. Three months, isn't it, since we met at Sue's house, and you can take it from me, I never stuck to one girl that long before.

Gladys (*moving away*): Is that really true (*sarcastically*)? Well, you're not the first fellow that's been able to stick to me for three months.

JIMMIE (*beating pillows vigorously*): I know that mighty well, Gladys, that's what makes me nervous. Say, honest, kid, I am crazy about you.

GLADYS (*archly*): Oh! I don't know about that.

JIMMIE: Yes, I am. I like your style. I'm daffy about your dancing and there isn't a girl in our crowd that's got anything on you. Say, come on; let's be married just for fun. (*Moves over and throws arm about her.*)

GLADYS: All right. It's a go. (*He kisses her; she jumps up.*) We must celebrate with music. (*Plays the wildest ragtime, while he sits in more sober mood till she comes back to him.*) What's the matter, long-face?

JIMMIE: Say, kiddo, what do you suppose your folks will say?

G...YS: What! Oh, you mean dad and mother! Who cares what they say?

...E: But you see, your father knows that I haven't much to keep you ...d unfortunately he knows about that two thousand dollars I owe for ...ashed-up car.

...YS: We should worry! He can just pay that, if it hurts him, and fork ...er my spending money as usual. A daughter is a daughter, even if she ...married, I say.

JIMMIE: Girl, you're a wonder. Are you sure you can manage it?

GLADYS: Surest thing in the world.

JIMMIE (*with sudden inspiration*): Say, wouldn't it be easier to do it after we are married.

GLADYS: Right-o, especially if they didn't know beforehand we were going to be.

JIMMIE (*excitedly*): Your father's car is out in front. Let's take it and speed over to Gretna Green.

GLADYS: All right, we'll leave a note. Here, give me your pencil. (*Writes note, places on table, while Jimmie goes into hall and returns with her hat and sweater, which he helps her into. She stops to put a record on phonograph as they leave.*)

JIMMIE (*as they rush out*): Some sport, you are.

MOTHER JONES (*entering shortly from rear*): Well, where is Gladys? Gone with that young whipper-snapper, Jim Scott, I suppose. (*Spies note.*) Oh! here (*Reads with dismay.*)

FATHER JONES (*entering*): What's up?

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MOTHER JONES: What's up, enough! Listen to this, will you? Dear Dad and Mummer, Jimmie and I just decided on the spur of the moment we'd be married. When you read this we'll be too far away for you to reach us in time for the wedding. We've taken your car, and Jimmie drives something awful. Send my month's allowance to address below. It's due tomorrow. Gladys.

MOTHER JONES (*sinking into chair*): Did you ever in your life hear of such a thing?

FATHER JONES (*calmly*): Oh, yes, several times in my life. It is just AN UP-TO-DATE PROPOSAL.

(*Curtain*)

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MARCH'S FAMOUS FUNNY FARCES

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No entertainments sent on approval or exchanged.

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